POEMS
ON
Several Occasions,
BY
W. C.

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BRITISH MUSEUM

To the Worſhipful

JOHN RAMSDEN, Eſq;

AT

HATFIELD

IN

York-ſhire.

SIR,

I Humbly Begg you will be the *Guardian* of theſe looſe Thoughts, I dare not appear without a *Protector*, eſpecially in my firſt *Progreſs*, the ill-humour'd Age have Naturally ſuch a prejudice to the Eſſays of *Youth*, without the leaſt *Charity* or *Reſpect* to the *Fame* of the *Author*, they blaſt the growing *Embrio* with the *Malignant Breath* of ſome unjuſt Detraction. This diſcouragement has cauſed the *Abdortion* of many good Thoughts, an Obvious Reaſon of this unkindneſs is *Pride*, or perhaps craizineſs of *Age*, for I find the Old Men moſt

guilty of this *Vanity*, the best *Epithete* they afford *Youth*, is, That we see *Visions*, how passionate are they if we report they Dream *Dreams*, so sullenly severe; they will not allow an extravagant *Frisk* in our Veins, but our Blood must trill in its *Circulation* with that melancholly *Gravity*, as if the *Radical Moisture* had drown'd the *Vital Heat*, and thus they force *Nature* to banish *Meridian Vigour*, even in its *Canicular Days*. I appeal to you, what a stiff congeal'd frigid *Animal* would *Youth* be, if the guilt of Wit were washt off? I have Convers'd with some of this temper where a Repartee was *Treason*, a Contradiction *Misprision*, and their heavy Impertinences *Oracles*; these Old *Momuses* measure Capacities by *Age*, and because they have serv'd Old *Time* the Apprentiship of a *Climacterick*, they strait Commence Doctors of *Knowledge*, and *Intellectual Accomplishments*, 'tis Reputed a Monstrous piece of Rudeness to pretend to *Sense* in their *Society*.

I have seen of this *Character* strut and plume themselves in an *Harrangue* to a *Michalmas Rabble* with as much *Pride*, as *Candidates* in *ROME*, when they become *Competitors* for a Consulship; How Illustriously would they display their Wisdom to invite a Croud to a Glass of Wine, a Man would think by the serenity of their *Aspects*, they were able to Correct *Solomon's* Proverbs.

I would not here be apprehended a Despiser of *Age*, none more reveres *Gray Hairs* than my self, where I find them uncorrupted with this sullen Habit.

But to shrowd me from persons of this *Figure*, I implore your *Inherent Charity* to let your Name stand at the Front of these *Poems*; this favour granted, without the Vanity of *Adulation*, I dare boast a *Writ of Priviledge* from a *Patroon*, to whom *Nature* has given a Noble clean *Symetry* of Person, and Intellect, matured with *Acquirements*, fructified with *Moral Vertues*, as makes you absolutely Master of all *Mortality* can boast of. Tho' I am inclin'd to *Poetry*, I abhor to *Panegyrize* where 'tis not truly merited; all *York-shire* knows the Just, Humble, Bountiful, Charitable, and Loyal Justice *RAMSDEN*, to whom I Devote these *First Fruits* of my Pen, for Two Motives.

The Ligaments of *Obligations*, and the Worthiness of the *Persons*, the first my *Gratitude*, the second my *Interest*, so blest, I shall think my self safe and invulnerable by the Darts of *Malice*, for the Old Men Honour you, and the Young Men Love and Admire you; the most severe *Critick* who finds your Name shall be *Lung-shot*, the powerful *Amulet* will conjure ill-Nature into a *Lethargy*.

Therefore I repeat the Request, That you will accept the *Dedication*, so made happy, I value

value not the Censures of begotted *Golden Beetle-Heads*, whose Eyes and Wit are of a stretch, nor the ill Opinion of Craizy, Morose, Grizled *Meagrims*; So I continue in your favour, 'twill be the true satisfaction of

Your Servant,

W. C.

TO

TO THE READER.

IN a looſe vitiated Age 'tis doubtleſs the moſt Charitable to write good Morals, *which in themſelves need neither the clink of* Rhime, *ſoftneſs or ſmoothneſs of* Verſe *to make them amiable, but ſo impious is the* Age, *and ſo deprav'd are the* Wits *thereof, That the moſt happy Book of* Morals *in the World is become the Subject of* Satyr, Burleſque, Jocularity, *and* Contempt, *had theſe* Geniduſes *been alive in the time of the* Heathens, *they had ſuffered* Death, Martyrs *to* Vertue, *and the* Pantheon *of* Wooden Gods. *'Twas a juſt Law amongſt them, whoever was found guilty of a* Scandalum Magnatum *againſt* Vertue, *were bor'd through the Tongue for* Blaſphemy, *and the poor* Poet (*tho' that* Function *was ſacred amongſt them) had his Right Hand burnt off, for Writing a* Paſquil *upon* Temperance (*though in a* Panegyrick *to* Bacchus) *what they merit who Affront the Writings of the* True Divinity, *I ſhall not determine; but if we may conjecture by the Great Attribute of God's Juſtice, the abominable Ingratitude of ſuch Men, their State is deplorable, till a ſincere*

Repentance retrieve it. But this Point hath been Discours'd by the incomparable Author of The Whole Duty of Man, *with such clearness of Reason, that the most acute* Logick *of the most nice* Atheistical Wit *can never Countermine, but the Books of that humble modest* Rationalist *shall be esteem'd by the Pious and Vertuous, so long as the* Sun *and* Moon *endures. If I mistake not my self, he was one of the first* Authors *that Vindicated* Morality *and the* Word of God *with the* Atheists *own Weapon,* [to wit] *strenuous Reasoning, to which he added the Charmes of smooth, prevalent, and chaste* Language, *he Bullies no* Proselytes, *but if the dint of* Reason *fails, he gives them over to Associate with their* Brethren *the* Brutes. *And certainly without* Prophecy, *we may Argue the Corruptions of these* Times *proceed from the Infidelity of Vitious* Atheistical Persons; *and since they are so absolutely out-Reason'd, they must either allow the* Conquest, *or defend their* Immoralities *with more potent* Ratiocination, *besides the* Atheists *the World yields o'her Enemies to* Vertue *equally Malevolent; Those* Witty Satyrists, *who* Lampoon *Her at such a rate, as makes a Man almost blush to own Her, so contemptuously have they dress'd Her, she appears as Ridiculous as the most* Antiquated Habit, *he who attempts to own Her, is Reputed a* Discompliasant Humourist. *I appeal to any sober Complexion, if this be not the way to supplant all* Religion? *We complain of the*

detri-

detriment of Factions, Schiſms, *and* Diviſions, *that* Religion *lyes Bleeding in the Wounds of* Diſſentions, *ſurely all honeſt Men are ſorry for it*; *Yet I muſt needs ſay, I fear* Religion *has receiv'd greater Wounds from the* Immoralities *of its* Votaries, *then from the moſt ſullen* Opinioniſts. *I believe the* Church of England *will aſſert the Truth hereof, She has receiv'd great prejudice from Her* Epicurean Sons, Libertines, *and* Senſualiſts, *theſe are* Factions *that have helpt to undo Her, and God knows too many of all ſorts of perſons have been* Seperatiſts *to their* Defamation, *and the* Churches Scandal; *for he is deny'd a Son of that pure* Evangelick Church, *who is Vitious in his Practices. If I rightly apprehend it, our* Sacred Mother *abhors ſuch* Spurious Brats, *and looks upon them as the greateſt* Schiſmatiks *under Heaven, She makes us all promiſe at the* Font *to forſake the* World, *the* Fleſh, *and the* Devil, *ere She will liſt us under Her Banner. I wiſh to God there were as ſevere* Laws *againſt theſe ſort of Men, as againſt* Fellons, *Conſult right Reaſon, and they ſhall deſerve the worſt of humane Inflictions*; *Firſt they Swear* Allegiance *to that* Church, *whoſe Purity is Atteſted by the Blood of a* Crowned Martyr, *beſides thoſe* Noble Saints, *who were Sacrific'd to Vindicate Her Purgations from* Superſtitions *and* Idolatry. *This* Holy Church *Proclaims Her* Excommunications *againſt ſuch falſe* Sons, *as ſhall ſcandalize Her by their* Impieties, *Denouncing*

them

them Reprobates *not worthy to Lodge in Her Arms, and Grounds this Her Purity on Her abhorrence of all prophane, lewd, immoral* Debauches: *yet how many Men of this* Character *sculk in this* Sacred Profession *for no other Reason, but because they receive the* Protection *of the* Laws, *or only the mild* Corrections *of a small* Mulct, *tho' for one of the most deadly Sins, and 'tis now Reputed only a piece of* Jocularity *by a dexterous Intreague to deflower a Maid, or polute a Wife? I knew one who would not be reclaim'd by all Arguments, and when it was told him the* Law *would take cognisance of his* Crimes, *he said he would take off an* Excommunication *for* 8 s. *These* Wild Extravagants *pretend a* License *for* Sins, *and a* Priviledge *for* Debaucheries, *resolving to Invert God Almightys Distinction, and say,* Only the impure in Heart shall see God; *it would be extraordinary Honour to the* Church, *and of great Advantage to the* State, *to imp'ume these* Pretenders *to Wit and Ingenuity. I humbly conceive it worthy to be given in Charge to all* Grand Juries, *severely to Prosecute those wholesome* Laws *that are intended to suppress those* Excesses, *in which the* Age *does so abound; that those* Leviathans *of Iniquity may not make the* Church of England *their* Sea *to sport in. I presume, I may with Confidence affirm, That the ruin of any* Church *whatever may be Calculated from the Corruptions of Her* Morals: *and 'tis not without Reason imagin'd,*

That

That Temperance *hath been the grand Support of the* Mahometan Religion, *'tis not* Diſſenters *alone can work our Deſtructions, our Impieties make us really Deſpicable; We had never left the* Church of Rome *either for* Novelty, *or the* Itch of Reformation, *but the* Libidinouſneſs *of the* Clergy, *and the* Licentiouſneſs *of that* Religion, *gave juſt cauſe for a* Reformation; Superſtition *and* Idolatry *were ſwallowed frudeing their Worſhips, and to a ſober Conſiderer, that were an* Omnipotent Neceſſity *for our defection from them. But if we may believe* Hiſtory, *the* Luxuries *of the* Prieſts *with the ſcandalous lewdneſſes of the* Monaſteries, *had the greateſt ſhare to Exalt that Honourable Retreat. I am confident, had the* Primitive Chriſtians, *who were at firſt* Heathens, *and ſevere and ſtrict Reverers of* Morality; *I ſay, had not they ſublimated their* Morals, *'twould have been impoſſible to have propagated the* Chriſtian Faith. Lucretius *and* Epicurus, *thoſe firſt* Hereticks *in the* Heatheniſh Religion, *who brought in the* Mortality *of the* Soul, *and robb'd the* Deity *of its Attributes, ſhuffling* Providence *into Chance, reducing* Man *into an equal State with the* Brueds *that periſh; I ſay, theſe* Impious Doctrines *allow'd their voluptuouſneſs was no* Miracle, *for once deprav'd from* priſtine Integrity, *and that horrid* Doctrine *of* [Liberty of Appetite] *granted, that was the Ruine of the* Heatheniſh Religion, *ſo long as they retain'd that grand Article of their* Faith,

a Re-

a Reward to Piety and Vertue, who more Zealous in Vertue; they were Juſt, Temperate, Faithful, and Honeſt, even to a Trifle.

But what needs all this Circumlocution to Vindicate Vertue? I think the moſt Impudent Bully, or Acute Wit, when they either Debauch Her by Practice or Lampoon, give their Hearts the Lye; and however, a Habit of Vice may eſtrange Her to them, yet there is an Inherent Eſteem for Her in all Mankind, that can never be Eradicated, but they ſhall have ſerious Intervals which ſhall dictate their own Follies, and the Wiſdom of the Vertuous. I would only begg the Ingenious Satyriſts to divert their Strains, and repreſent Vice in its proper Figure, this Age affords Perſons Extellent beyond Vulgar Capacity; Would they undertake to depict Vice, what a Monſter would She appear, when ſuch bold Pencils had Colour'd Her! And how Beauteous a Panegyrick might they write upon Vertue! Satyrs upon Vice are very Influencing to a Reformation, the ridiculing of a Thing makes it immediately become Odious. Too ſenſibly may we fear this is the Devils Snitkle to catch Atheiſts in, he hath laught and hiſt more out of their Religion, than by any down right Temptation. If ever Vice be wrackt, it muſt be upon this Coaſt: make Her once appear what really She is, ugly and ridiculous, and then 'tis an eaſie Thing to hiſs Her out of the World; and who are better qualified for it than the Wits? How powerful, charming, and obliging,

obliging, is any Thing that is gilt with Wit? *tho' it be a falſe* Hypotheſis, *how readily is it ſwallowed, if baited with* Wit? *If Temperance, Chaſtity,* &c. *were ſo great, how* Angelical *would they appear? the Charity of ſuch an undertaking would deſerve a Reward. Thoſe Gentlemen, who have ſpent a great ſhare of this happy Talent in lewd* Drolls, *or defamatory obliging* Libels, *to theſe I Addreſs, That they would become Champions for dying, ſinking, periſhing* Vertue; *they are the Men muſt do't: That unerring* Oracle, *The Venerable Mr.* Cowley *ſays,* He who can write a prophane *Poem* well, may write a divine one much better: *there is the ſame Vigour to be Exercis'd: your Soul has the ſame Liberty: Fancy as wide an Air: She may be as fleet and ſoaring in the one, as the other. I dare affirm, your Studies this way will yield you a much greater ſatisfaction; for tho' your Deſcent be mean, yet ſpirited by Vertues, it Ennobles the* Whole Maſs; *For as Dr.* Brown *ſays,* There is a Nobility without Heraldry, a Natural Dignity, whereby one Man is ranked before another, another filed before him, according to the Qualities of their Deſerts and Vertues, and Preheminences of good Parts. *Now, ſince Vertues and good Parts Enoble; both good Parts and Vertue muſt be employed according to thoſe preſcribed Rules,* Religion *and good* Nature *have ordain'd; therefore he appears a very ill Man, who ſhall ridicule Vertue either in* Converſation, Practice, *or* Lampoon,

we are all oblig'd both in Honour, Religion, Honesty *and* Morality, *to Zealously Defend Her.*

I will not pretend to have done any Thing in this Poem *to advance so Noble a Work, I am sure I mean well, and have good Intentions; I would attempt it, could I ever work my Belief that I had a Capacity for it; but without it be done with Judgment, Spirit, Wit, Vigour, it would be a detriment to the Subject. I have oft Lamented the hard Fortune of that* Kingly Poet, *to fall into the hands of* Hopkins *and* Sternold; *Those that are acquainted with the Original, affirm the* Book of Psalms *to be* Poems *of the boldest and most perfect* Composure *in the World, their* Extasie *and* Rapture *speak the* Author's *Inspiration, the very reading them, commits a Rape upon the Soul: a Man must shake off* Mortality, *if he intends to follow the* Ethæreal Metaphors, *fleet soaring* Panegyricks, *which fly to the Ears of the* Inspirer. *But this* Royal Poet *hath had so much Right done him by a bitter Hand, as hath made an Atonement for their Rustick Sense; and now they're clad in a Princely Habit, of which the* Author *would not be asham'd. I only wish they were Lodg'd in that place, where nothing but decent well-measur'd Sense ought to be used.*

Mr. Woodford's Psalms.

But to return, The Design of this Poem, *was to Oblige a Friend, Resolving never to make it Publick; my own real Opinion was, That it was an Incoeherent, Rude, Unequal Thing, many harsh and*

obtruded

obtruded Humours, it no way pleas'd my ſelf, this being the firſt Eſſay I ever made in Proſe or Verſe, conſequently very imperfect.

I Gueſs, good-Natur'd Poets will allow a Muſe ſo unair'd and young, the Protection of their Magna Charta, Pœtica Licentia; And now I make my trembling Appeal to the Criticks, thoſe whole-ſale Damners, humbly begging they will be ſo kind to the Maiden-head of my Muſe, not to Debauch a pen, feather'd North-country Thing, the fertile Souths, the Clime where Wit thrives, but the fridged North ſtarves that Plant. Therefore they will be diſappointed, who expect to find Wit in this Poem, they will only ſee my good Nature; for Senſualiſts and Libertines, I value not their Cenſure, the Poem is ſhot at them, were it poſſible to deſtroy that ſuperſtitious Doctrine, and falſe Worſhip of Senſe and Appetite, much might be done: But the moſt profound Rationaliſts can only ſhew them the danger of the Hæreſie, their Converſion muſt only be by a Miracle. For the Poem of Almeria a Young Lady, requeſted the ſpending a few looſe Thoughts on that Subject; I would deny that ſoft Sex nothing. I acknowledge it is not ſo tender, eaſie, languiſhing, and pitious, as Almeria's Paſſion might have allow'd, I have made it the Appendix to this Poem. If it yield you ſatisfaction for the pains of reading, us all I wiſh.

THE

The Preface.

[illegible] Humours, it no may pleas'd my self this be-
ing the first Essay I ever made in Prose or Verse,
[illegible] very imperfect.

[illegible] Guess, good Natur'd Poets will allow a Muse
[illegible] and young, the Protection of their Mag-
[illegible] Poetica Licentia; And now I make my
[illegible] Appeal to the Criticks, those whose fate
[illegible] hombly begging they will be so kind to
[illegible] head of my Muse, not to Debauch a pen,
[illegible] North-country Lying, the fertile Soutlis,
[illegible] Clime where Wit thrives, but the fridged
North [illegible] that Plant. Therefore they will be
[illegible] who expell to find Wit in the Poems,
[illegible] only for my good Nature; for Sensualists
[illegible] Libertines. I value not their Censure, the
Poem is shot at them, were it possible to destroy
[illegible] Dectrine, and false Worship of
[illegible] and Appetite, much might be done: But the
[illegible] profound Rationalists can only shew them the
[illegible] of the Heresie, their Conversion must only
[illegible] by a Miracle. For the Poem of Almeria a
Young Lady, requested the spending a few loose
Thoughts on that Subject; I would deny that soft
[illegible] nothing. I acknowledge it is not so tender,
[illegible] languishing, and pitious, as Almeria's Passion
[illegible] have allow'd, I have made it the Appendix
[illegible] this Poem. If it yield you satisfaction for the
[illegible] of reading, as all I wish.

THE

THE DEATH OF KNOWLEDGE,

With his Legacy to a Vitiated Wit.

KNOWLEDGE, That mighty *Spectrum* of a *God*,
Ador'd by all, the Thing which all applaud;
Born on *whose Wings through the Worlds maze* (*we flie*,
See Matter form'd, and pierce th'rough *Mystery*.
Dissecting *Nature*, trace Her *Mystick Ways*,
Know all Her Paths, and chide Her where She strays;
By thee improv'd Triumphing Reason flies
Th'rough the unbounded limits of the Skies:
With deep Inspection, and grand Scrutiny,
Read the vast Works of God's *Philosophy*;

Contingences, juſt as they drop fore-ſee,
Evading Fate, and ſhowing Deſtiny.
Man's a *Vice-God* with ſacred Knowledge clad,
And can diſtinguiſh Ills, take good from bad.
By wond'rous Diſquiſition Nobly ſee
The Truth, when Mask'd in *Ambiguity*.
Thrice happy He to whom *Indulgent Heaven*,
A ſhare of this vaſt *Attribute* hath given;
He ſits above the Crowd in Chairs of State,
Laughing at all the Follies of the Great:
Inſulting o're the reſt of weak Man-kind,
Bleſt in th' injoyment of Capacious Mind;
Ador'd, rever'd, by all the World Renown'd,
Who but the Man with *Wit* and *Knowledge* Crown'd!
For what is Man? who *Wit* and *Knowledge* wants,
But the *Buffoon*, and Prey of *Sycophants*?
Wit Revels o're the Fools, while helpleſs they
Are ſportful Apes for Vanity and Play.

Wild *Wit* ties Rockets on poor *Follies* back,
Fires them himſelf, then laughs to hear them crack;
While the tame *Savage*, the good-Natur'd Brute,
Apes *Wit*, and laughs and friſks to get Repute,
So Wit *was qualified.*
Knowledge the Father was, and *Wit* the Son;
A hopeful Youth, but by his Pride undone.
Sage hoary *Knowledge*, with grave *Prudence* ſpoke,
Weigh'd words and their effects, e're he would talk.
Firſt by the Line of Moral Juſtice try'd
His Thoughts and Actions, e're he would decide.
Wit was all paſſion, a hot ſoaring Youth,
Raſh in attempts, too fleet for ſolid *Truth.*
Keen in his *Satyr*, bitter in *Lampoon*,
A *Libertine* in Humour, and *Buffoon.*
To *Hell* for *Metaphors*, to *Heaven* for *Strains*,
Ador'd his Reaſon, but his Faith diſdain'd.
Yare in his Converſe, ſharp in his Diſcourſe,
From Nerves of *Reaſon, Senſe* receiv'd its force.

Quick-ſighted *Wit*, how ſwiftly would he pierce
Th'rough th' *Mathematicks* of the *Univerſe*!
Dive into doubts of the profoundeſt Kind,
And dext'rouſly Diſſect the cloſeſt Mind.
Through Seas of Notions in one Thought would Sail,
And ſtrait reduce them to grave *Reaſons* Scale,
Vain wandring Whims in Airy words would dreſs,
And of *Chimæraes* make fine Images.
From *Vanity* would pleaſing Morals take,
And ſullen *Humour* into mirth could wake.
Obliging *Wit* was lov'd of all the Swains,
To *Oaten Reeds* he made the Shepherds ſtrains.
Sonnets for Melancholly Lovers made,
Lamenting Accents proper for a ſhade;
While in his State of Innocence he mov'd,
None more ador'd, no Shepherd more belov'd.
Wit was their Joy, their Love, and their Delight,
Sweet all the Day, and Pleaſant all the Night.

Mirth was a Sranger where *Wit* would not be,
And without *Wit* there was no Company.
Fam'd, Lov'd, and Courted, by the *Arcadian* Youths,
Renown'd for *Vertue*, Lov'd for *Moral Truths*.
For Him in vain the tender Nymphs have ſigh'd,
The Coy the wanton Youth with ſcornful pride
Would flye the embraces of the ſoft kind Maids,
And cry, beware, thoſe Serpents of the ſhades.
Long liv'd he lov'd, till popular applauſe
Debauch'd his Vertue, and his ruin was.
Pride, fatal *Pride*, affected with His parts,
He ſold His Morals for vain fooliſh Arts.
Ship'd in *Preſumption*'s Bark, away He flies,
To find new Lands of hid *Philoſophys*.
Hobbs was His Pilot, *Reaſon* was His Mate,
To *Natures* boundleſs Sea He Launches ſtrait.
The Ruffling Billows toſs Him up on high,
He ſees new Worlds of vaſt *Philoſophy*.

A distant Prospect of a rising Coast
Shews Him the wrecks of many Barks there lost.
With a full Sail He cuts th'rough yielding Seas,
Of breaking Mounts, and deeps of Mysteries;
With mighty Joy the *Bigah* Land He spies,
Big swoln with *Pride*, o're humourous Floods he plies;
Makes to the Shore; but in the strange mishap,
Inchanted Ground sinks into *Natures* Lap.
The amaz'd Youth in sullen Wonder gaz'd,
With Hope and wonder equaly amaz'd.
Then stormy *Passion* in a Deluge came,
And Drowns Her Zealot i'th *Etherial Flame*.
Aloud He Curst, and in His Rage He Swore
A deep revenge, and call'd coy *Nature* Whore.
Mild *Nature* laught to hear the Bully Curse,
And in a pitious tender kind Remorse
Throws off Her Watry Robes, unshrowds Her Face,
And thus appears a Nymph of Heavenly Race;

Clad in a Mantle of the Suns clear Rays,
The Crown She wore was of a brighter Blaze:
A thinner Light about Her Temple Shone,
Her Chair a mighty Globe of precious Stone.
Thus in full Glory the ſweet Virgin ſat,
Buſy'd in giving out Commands to Fate.
There She with God-like power Her Beings made,
While *Pliant Matter*, willingly obey'd.
Too quick for *Senſe*, *Life* flew into the Clod,
It mov'd, and look'd, and ſpoke like any God;
Extreamly throng'd in fram'ing humane ſhape,
Some finiſht, ſome in rough hewn Figures ſcape.
She various fates and forms for pleaſure gave,
Anticks, Decrepits, Beggars, Kings, and Slave.
But Juſtice ſtill in all Her Works we find,
If Body ugly, then a beautious Mind.
Or if a feeble, weak, and narrow Soul,
Fortune, the Guardian Angel of the Fool

Supplies the loſs; ſo all Her peaceful Reign
Affords no cauſe to murmure, or complain:
But liberal bounteous *Nature* gives by *Fate*,
A recompencing eaſe to a hard State.
Our Amorous Youth in Seas of Wonder drown'd,
His ſtaggering Vertue got a fatal Wound;
'Twas *Reaſon* gave the fuel to his Luſt,
He Courts the Goddeſs with a Bridal Guſt:
Makes to the Nymph, and in a bold Harrangue,
Her well deſerved Praiſes juſtly Sang.
Hail Sacred Goddeſs! you the World Adore,
For the Effects of your miraculous power!
We your juſt Diſtributions dayly laud,
'Tis Attributes that make a perfect God.
Vouchſafe, fair Nymph, a Harbour on your Coaſt,
For one in Seas of *Diſquiſitions* loſt;
And give me leave to ſound the Sholds and Sands,
To learn the Channels of your Great Commands,
And ſee the wonders of your powerful Hands.

How

How lazy *Matter* nimble *Life* receives,
And at your vital Word Machines and Lives!
How the chaſt Vegatives in ſilent wife
From miſtick Limbecks decently ariſe.
In modeſt Green the humble *Plant* at firſt,
Like contemn'd *Vertue* negligently dreſt;
Till *Summers Pride*, in gawdy Colours Gilds
With *Eaſters* Faſhions, all the ſpacious Fields;
In Gliſt'ring *Vanity* ſeverely clad,
The bluſhing Flowers Dye in the Maſquerade.
Next mighty Goddeſs, give me leave to ſee
In the Dark Book of *Humane Deſtiny*;
To read the Times of Kings and Potentates,
And know if *Vice* or *Folly* make their Fates.
Or Limits by Predeſtination ſet,
Preſcribe the bounds, paſt which they cannot get,
But vainly ſtruggle with the potent Net.

Unwomb thy Self, dear Goddeſs of mine Eye,
And Point the Errors of *Philoſophy*.
Tell me the dark Receſs, where metals live,
Teach how to catch the ſubtil Seeds they give:
Then *Tranſmutation* ſhall be all my play,
And willing Mortals ſhall my Gold obey.
For Gold, great Queen's the Idol of the Earth,
The Nerves of Power, the Son of *Adam*'s Mirth.
All-powerful Gold gives meaſure to our Fame,
And is the Mummial Balſom of the Man.
The vital heat unto the Heart-ſick Health,
And all Man kind are valu'd by their Wealth.
What an *Omnipotence* has ſacred Gold,
To *Wit* the Fool, and make the feeble bold!
How wiſely does the formal Juſtice ſit,
Whilſt Ruſticks by his Gold ſpin out his Wit!
If Rich, the Animal muſt have a Gown,
If *Craſus*, *Solon* too is his Renown;

So Continents of *Wit* by Fools is bought,
In a grave Gown and formal Band 'tis wrought,
On a ſoft Cuſhion ſits the Head of Thought,
On Reverend Bench the Golden Monky ſits
Cracking of Nuts, to Exerciſe his *Wits*;
Whilſt wond'ring Crouds with ſerious gazes fix
Their well-pleas'd Eyes, admire his pretty tricks!
Once more, bright Queen, I humbly beg t'impart
The hidden Depths of *Tranſmutations* Art;
So on the Bench, I'le with the Seniors ſit,
Firſt Alderman o'th' Family of *Wit*.
Gowns no leſs ſacred are then *Jewiſh Vales*
And tho' it ſhrouds a Fool, it never fails
To make him look as Wiſe as Juſt Judge *Hales*.
Thus Rallied *Wit*, much more he vainly ſaid,
Indecent Things which paſſion dictated.
The Maiden Queen obliquely gave a frown,
And to her Watery Bed glides ſoftly down;

Bouncing

Bouncing on Speculations, home he Sails,
And to his Reverend Father ſtrait reveals
The Journal of his ſtrange Adventurous V'age,
What doubts, what fears, what joys he did engage.
How *Nature* in Her Port of Glory ſat,
And by what meaſures She diſpenced Fate;
Here 'twas he loſt his *Faith* in *Reaſons* Pool,
And from a *Wit*, turn'd *Atheiſt*, *Sot*, and *Fool*:
With *Airy Theories* ſwoln he proudly ſtruts,
He own'd a Power, but without Attributes.
Gave all the Effects of *Providence* to *Chance*,
And link't his *Reaſon* to his *Ignorance*;
Nature his Goddeſs, *Humour* was his God,
He his own Idol, had his own Applaud.
Sage hoary *Knowledge*, languiſhing away,
Mind-ſick in Surfeits of the World he lay.
The kind Old Man fore-ſaw his coming Fate,
And knew *Mortality* muſt have a date;

He call'd his Son, and weighty Bleſſings gave,
And Dying, ſaid, *When I am in my Grave,*
Theſe Morals keep, ſo ſhall you happy be,
Both in this Life, and to Eternity.
Believe aright in the Eternal One,
That your Salvation is in Chriſt alone;
Your *Faith* well fix'd, you bravely may defie
The ſhocks of *Reaſon*, and *Philoſophy.*
All-powerful *Faith* ſhall be your mighty Shield,
'Gainſt ſturdy *Reaſon* ſhall your Gantlet weild.
Beware, my Son, leſt *Reaſon Faith* ſhould foil,
Faith muſt Command, and wand'ring *Reaſon* Rule.
On tender Wings She'l bare you th'rough the Sky,
To view the Glories of *Immenſity.*
By Her you'l Converſe with *Omnipotence*,
While grov'ling *Reaſon*, and decrepit *Senſe*,

To ſome dull Plant, or fooliſh Inſect flye,
And from thoſe Texts infer a Deity.
But ſoaring *Faith*, how ſweetly will She pierce
Th'rough all the Crannies of the *Univerſe!*
Glide into *Heaven*, and there in tranſport lye
Basking in Rays of full Divinity.
There ſee the Eternal Joys, and Glories ſhoots,
In glitt'ring Rays of his bright Attributes.
There you ſhall learn the Juſt tho' myſtick *Senſe*,
That gives the Tract and Guide to *Providence*;
By *Faith* you find the moſt Abſtruſe of Thoughts,
How open to the Eyes of *Heaven* they're brought;
And *Vice* by thinking, or by action done,
Is ſeen as bright as the Meridian Sun,
Vexing the Eyes of th' unpolluted One.
Cells, Grotts, and Chambers, and the thickeſt Vails,
Your ſecret Sins to th' Eye of *Heaven* Reveals.
God made the *Univerſe*, and All therein,
But Man Created that black Monſter, *SIN*!

Then

Then how will God the Pure, the Holy give
Pattents of *Vice*, upon His Earth to Live?
No, no, my Son, this Truth I Dying tell,
The *Ubi* of the Wicked is in Hell.
Weigh all your Actions, ſo ſhall you deteſt
What Things ſhall yield a Bluſh in their Effect;
Mark well my Son, the Morals now I give,
By their Obedience you ſhall happy Live.
Firſt, o're the Tongue keep the ſevereſt Eye,
Catch not at *Defamations* as they flye;
But let the Bolts of baſe *Detractions* reſt
Safe Lodg'd in your kind Charitable Breaſt;
For who from *Vice* or *Folly* can be free?
Errors's the Birth-right of Mortality.
Then Murder, nor Inſult o're ſinking Fame,
But give a Balſom to a Dying Name.
Laugh not at the Decrepit, neither play
On Impotence, 'tis *Natures* fault, not they.

They're groſly Impious who the weak aſſault,
And Charge the God of *Nature* with a fault;
Pity ſuch Objects, help their helpleſs State,
Be humbly thankful for a better Fate.
Revel not o're the weakneſs of the Mind,
Both Souls and Bodies are by God Deſign'd;
Him you affront, His Providence deſpiſe,
Ingrateful Man! becauſe He made thee wiſe.
Fools in a future State ſhall Glory ſhare,
And equally All ſhall be wiſe Men there.
Hoard not your *Knowledge*, but Inſtructive be,
Avarice of *Wit* is Inhumanity;
Alms of good Morals bounteouſly diſpenſe,
The Nobleſt Charity from Men of *Senſe*.
Relieve the Afflicted, and abhor to be
An Enemy to Infelicity,
Nor baſely Inſolent on miſery.
Boaſt not what *Fortune*, or what *Nature* gives,
For all you have are but Derivatives;

'Tis baſe, ingrate, and ſacrilegious too,
To Cheat the Donor of the Glory due.
Tho' by His bounties you do happy Live,
Yet He who gave, can when He will deprive;
And 'tis ill *Nature*,, or the Effects of *Pride*,
To ſculk His Mercies, and H's Gifts to hide:
Or thus to Naturalize thoſe Graces given,
What we enjoy, is the free-will of *Heaven*;
Our merits or deſerts can nothing crave,
'Tis wond'rous liberal, Life and Health we have.
Then from this Vanity in time retreat,
E're you become the Subject of Mens hate,
And Laughter of the modeſt, good, and great.
Be not too poſitive, tho' in a Truth,
That's an Inherent Vanity in Youth;
In Converſe modeſt, humble, grave, and ſweet,
Let all your Atteſtations be diſcreet.
For a nice coy Relation is as proof,
Obliges more, then bluſter, ſtrut, and huff;

For what by force or paſſion you inſtill,
Proclaims a Humourous and Imperious Will;
Ill Education, rude, unciviliz'd,
And all you ſay, they'l deem your Pride diſguis'd.
Suppoſe your Arguments fallacious be,
For whole pretend t'Infallability?
With what a ſhame the ruffling noiſe you quit,
The Sport and Laughter of the Men of *Wit*;
An unconcern'd well Accented Report,
Glides into Minds, and Captivates the Heart:
Vollies of words dints no Ingenious breaſt,
Wiſe Men abhor to be with Wind oppreſt;
They'l flye the Converſe of Sir *Poſitive*,
Let Him with Collonies of Fools go Live;
With them He is eſteem'd a Fool or Mauk,
Who will t'himſelf Monopolize the Talk.
Good *Nature* ſays, with *Juſtice* too, I think,
Each hath his right to Words, as well as Drink;

To give all due Restrictions to our Tongues,
Too great a Province to my fault'ring Lungs.
To Cure this Vice, the Art of *Thinking* get,
Unto your Thoughts let all your Words be set.
If from Impertinence you'd be refin'd,
Learn first the Habit to Consult your Mind.
But to proceed, and give my best Advice,
[Beware Excess] 'tis that which makes a *Vice*;
Excess, the active nervous part of *S I N*,
That to the Fort of *Vertue* makes a Mine;
So fatal, that the best of Men, my Son,
Have been in Fame and Fortunes too undone.
Dispis'd by all the vertuous, good, and just,
Who will the Man of Drinking Morals trust?
None will upon his Word or Faith depend,
If false to *Reason*, faithless to his Friend.
With your Discretion it will no way suit,
To take Delight t'Associate with a Brute.
What is he less or more, than Animal,
When Drown'd in Wine, and when Irrational?

Abhor ſuch Men, if you reſpect your Fame,
Their Company's a Wound to your good Name;
The Cenſurers will ſay to your diſpraiſe,
See Vice *heare* Vice, *and Brutes* together graize.
Here Tears with ſighing, Dying Groans he gave,
Son, be ſo kind when I am in my Grave
To wear this Motto, 'tis my laſt Requeſt,
[Beware Exceſs] with throbs his panting Breaſt
Thus Adds,
Believe me Son, when *Time* and *Nature* ſpends,
And Death his dreadful *Quo Warranto* ſends;
All pale and frightned, you'l look back on me, and Cry,
Oh! had I kept my Fathers Legacy,
With how much ſatisfaction could I Die!
And calmly ſhake off my Mortality;
Theſe Fiends my Sins burn, and torment my Soul,
Methinks in Hell *I do already Roul.*
Thus ſhall you Argue: But ere 'tis too late
Weigh well the ſureneſs of a future State,

Then

Then to your Self you'l be ſo kind and juſt,
To Act what moſt ſhall pleaſe a Dying Guſt.
Still my Invectives I cannot forbear,
Againſt a *Vice* that's grown ſo popular;
How many Noble Potent Devotees
Have ſuffer'd Shipwrack on Her faithleſs Seas?
This ſingle Idol can more *Martyrs* boaſt,
Then all the Blood the *Chriſtian Faith* yet Coſt.
Some to their Friends no Welcome can expreſs,
Unleſs they Crown their Treats with vain *Exceſs*.
Tempt not your Friend to Drink a *Gratis* Pot,
You take his deareſt *Reaſon* for the Shot;
Many Contingent Vices thence may fall,
But Drinking is the Ground-Plot of them All:
To *Fame* a Scandal, to your *Name* a Ruſt,
A Spur to *Paſſion*, a Fuel unto *Luſt*.
The Eternal Enemy of *Health* and *Time*,
A Foe to all that's Noble and Sublime;

It heats the *Nerves*, and makes the Blood run mad,
Then in the grand Convulsion all's betray'd;
And in the Heat your Secrets you detect,
This Apoplexy of the Intellect
Shuffles the solid Notions of the Head,
And with their Steam's Whims and Chimeraes breed.
Consider well, when Drunk you are a Prey
To *Wits*, to *Fools*, their Pleasure, Sport and Play;
When *Vertue*, *Reason*, *Soul*, and *Manhood*'s lost,
What State more wretched can all Mankind boast?
Suppose you the Repute of Conquest gain
Amongst Good-fellows, you the strongest Brain;
The Triumph with the Bullies yields Delight,
Where Honour's measur'd by the Appetite:
But still the Pious, Temperate, Good, and Wise,
Brutes with the Drunkards equally despise.
But mark, my Son, another sinking *Vice*,
Th' Effects of a Rapacious *Avarice*.

'Tis *Gameing*, that Inchanting vexing Sport,
You may more Cheap the deadly Sins ſupport:
For at one Chance may all your Fortunes lie,
And your undone by th' Cogging of a Die.
If better Luck a fraud attends your Fate,
Unjuſtly you enjoy your Friends Eſtate;
And ere this *Vice* you to perfection Gain,
A liberal Art is Maſter'd with leſs pain.
In Wealth ſo got, you no content ſhall find,
But an Eternal Gangreen in your Mind;
Which will Corrode the vigour of your Joys,
And all your pleaſure of the World deſtroys.
What eaſe, content, and quiet, can you find,
If toſt in Qualms and Sickneſs of the Mind?
To this be-wildring *Folly* let me add
A *Vice*, whoſe Votaries are full as bad;
A fit *Appendix* to ſo vain a Sin,
And too too oft hath as deſtructive been.

I mean the *Folly* of Litigious Strife,
It makes a turbulent uneaſie Life;
For *Law* and *Gameing* equal *Paſſions* move,
Both are abhor'd by *Charity* and *Love*:
Which worſe methinks will ſcarce deſerve Diſpute,
What greater Plague, than an Immortal Suit?
And here's the *Agony* of all the Curſe.
It ends at laſt by Lot, or better Purſe;
Than what's the Iſſue of the Grand Debate,
You get their Law craft, they get your Eſtate.
But now my Thoughts moſt freely to impart,
One more Requeſt grant to my Bleeding Heart;
Like an Indulgent Father while I Live,
Seamarks unto thoſe dangerous Rocks I'le give:
I'le draw the Chart of this deceitful Coaſt,
Leaſt you for want of Skill be wrackt and loſt.
'Tis *Whoring*, that Grand Univerſal Sin,
Which both in Courts and Cities loudly Reign.

This *Epidemick Peſt* hath ſhed more Blood
Than all the Wars and Battles ſince the Flood;
Appeal but to the Learned in this Trade,
They'l tell no *Vice* hath greater Bankrupts made:
You ſpend your *Nature*, your *Eſtate*, and worſe,
Intail upon your Iſſue Shame and Curſe.
And tho' you think ſecure and ſafe you play
In a Dark Bed, far from the Eyes of Day;
Yet their's a Sting perhaps you'l not eſcape,
Your ſilent Sin may catch a telling Clap:
Then undeplor'd you languiſhing ſhall lye
Neglected, and Contem'd by every Eye;
Upon the wrack, lodg'd in a Flaming Bed,
You ſhall expire, abhor'd, unpityed:
To Friends their ſhame, their ſorrow, and their hate,
What greater *Hell?* Or what more wretched *State?*
The Vertuous ſtill to your Afflictions adds,
And Cry, *Behold the Juſtice of the Gods!*

Your

Your Foes Inſult, whilſt you in Torments lie
In Rotting Pains, and Burning Miſery;
And when you yield up your Infected Breath
To kind releaſing Invocated Death,
Offended *Fame* unto the World ſhall tell
'Twas by his *Vice* and *Folly* that he fell.
By his own Hand he here doth Murther'd lie,
And now's Inroul'd in *Hells Martyrology*;
But if no way Incontinence to tame,
Then take the lawful way to quench your Flame.
Do not to horrid baſe Pollutions flie,
But rather Sacrifice your Liberty;
And Honeſtly become a Womans Drudge,
So in the vulgar Path to *Heaven* go Trudge:
'Twill yield a pleaſing Proſpect when you Die,
Tho' here you Live a Scene of Miſery.
Adultery makes your Dying State moſt ſad,
To think no Retributions can be made,
You will with heavy deep Deſpair Die mad.

If

If then your Happineſs you will forſake,
And Worldly Burthens on your Shoulders take;
To wear the Humble Yoke of Marriage State,
Fit well your Neck, 'twill eaſe the pond'rous Weight.
Admire not *Beauty*, for by that pretence
You own your ſelf an eaſy Slave to *Senſe*;
Examin well in what true Beauty lies,
Conſult ſuch who Experience renders wiſe;
An humourous vain Opinion of the Mind,
Admires the rudeſt Draught of Women-kind.
So *Beauty*'s meaſur'd by *Opinions* Rule,
And *Fancy* makes a *Beauty* of a Fool.
Each Man hath his *Idea* in his Mind,
So there are *Venuſſes* for all Man-kind.
Should the World grow good-Natur'd, and agree
To any Univerſal Symitry,
They muſt, to find this Goddeſs, ſtill allow
A Symitry for all *Opinions* too.

How

How ſtrange would ſuch a Miracle appear,
For Humourous Man-kind all one Mind do bear?
Thus to Adore what we ſhall Beauty Deem,
Is a falſe Worſhip of our own Eſteem;
A vain Blind Superſtition of our own,
To Gods of our Creating we bow down.
So Melancholly ill-Complexion'd Sots,
On Dreams and Wild Immaginations dotes:
To *Pride* and *Humour* willing *Martyrs* Dye,
Their own Oracu!ous Will to defie.
The Vanity of Beauty thus diſplay'd,
Be not by *Fancy* nor by *Charms* betray'd;
But with the Woman well ſurvey Her Fate,
And with Her Vertues learn Her juſt Eſtate.
Maturely weigh, ere you your freedome tye
To Womans boundleſs Pride and Vanity;
Let not raſh *Paſſion* prompt your Faith to plight,
Nor Wed to pleaſe a Brutiſh Appetite.

But gravely weigh, with ſolid Pauſes try
The event of Things in probability;
For when your vigorous Codpiece once is tam'd,
Repentance helps no more then to the Dam'd.
By Wealth and Vertues you obtain with Wife,
Thence Calculate the Happineſs of Life:
For that's the Point, the Criſis of your Fate,
To raiſe your Fortunes with your Wifes Eſtate.
For ſure on Earth there is no greater Curſe,
Then a big Family, and empty Purſe.
That weak unthinking Animal who Weds,
Becauſe provided with his Nuptial Beds;
And ticks on *Hope*, for Family Supplies
Has *Faith* enough, but ſure he's not too Wiſe.
To reſt on this Extravagant pretence,
To Live by Prodigies of Providence;
Villain and Knave are *Epithites* moſt due,
For thoſe who weak, poor, helpleſs Maids undo:

And such presumptious Fools deserve to have
Bedlam for madness, *Pillory* for a Knave.
By the just Laws of *Nature* he's a Slave
To his own Children, when their Bread they crave.
Beasts feed their Young, and Birds to feed theirs flie,
Shall *Savage* Man let his neglected lie?
Besides, what meer Necessity requires,
You ought to keep a Purse to please Desires.
For if your Wife in sullen Humours lie
O're charg'd with Surfeits of her Vanity,
To please the Heart-sick, raise her Dying Pride,
Pearls, and such costly Cordials then provide:
And if deny'd, tho' purchast with a Debt,
Th' abused Thing still languishes in Pet.
Morosness spent, and in grave dump expir'd,
Commences *Fiend*, with Zeal and Fury fir'd;
Begins to storm your unregarding Ears
With Peals of Words, and Hurricanes of Tears;

Till your hard ſtubborn unrelenting Heart,
Oppreſt with noiſe, feels the ſevereſt ſmart;
All Arts you uſe to Conjure down this Spright,
With Magick Gold, and Vigour of the Night.
For no leſs Vulturous than her Pride is Luſt,
Strength, Wealth, and All muſt flie to pleaſe her Guſt;
And happy you, tho' prodigal of Life,
To pleaſe this Coy, Nice, Appetitiſh Wife.
Alas! to trace the frailties of this Sex,
Would the moſt Wiſe, moſt Thinking Man perplex;
Limit the Seas, preſcribe the Courſe of Winds,
Dog the fleet Thoughts, and Wandrings of the Minds:
With greater ſatisfaction may be done,
Then give their Figures in a juſt *Lampoon*.
Forſake not then the Joys of ſingle Life,
To Laquy to the Humours of a Wife:
But wee'l ſuppoſe all Miracles not ceaſt,
But with Rich Vertuous Wives you may be bleſt.

Yet ſtill you make a wider Mark for Fate,
Her ſorrows make you an uneaſie State.
If ſhe be Sick, her illneſs reaches you,
And her Diſtemper makes you Mind-ſick too:
To make one Happy, both of you muſt be
In perfect Health, and in Felicity.
Still in your Iſſue by this Vertuous Wife
Perhaps they'l add to an Afflicted Life
A Fool, Decrepid, or a Debauchee,
Drowns all your Joys in ſorrows Raging Sea.
To Common Senſe, it then appears a Wife
Is moſt injurious to a Happy Life.
In Traffick uſe no Craft but juſt and fit,
Keep cloſe your cunning and o're reaching *Wit*;
All dread to be by Willy Men betray'd,
And Foo's are ever Men of mighty Trade.
For all Men think that *Folly* cannot Cheat,
But Circumvention is the Effects of *Wit*.

Yet above All, *Religion* be your Care,
Omit not Duties, Sacrifice, and Prayer:
If God's Eſſence you ſhall doubt at all,
He will aſſert His Being in your Fall;
Thoſe Laws He has preſcrib'd obſerve and keep,
With joy and quiet in your Grave you'l ſleep.
At this kind Speech the Youth amazed ſtood,
His glowing Paſſions Guil'd his Cheeks with Blood.
Have you not heard the hungry Lions Rore?
Or have you ſeen the Billows beat the Shore?
Or angry Leopards when their Spots appear?
Or Drunken Lords begin to Domineer?
Or Honeſt Lovers ſuit when ill Reſented?
Or Devil vext when *Rocheſter* Repented?
They have not half the Rage the Youth expreſt,
He would not ſtay to hear him Speak the reſt;
But thus Reply'd,

Your lazy *Politicks* were better ſpent
On *Natures* Bankrupts when they're Impotent;
Tell me of Laws! be you with *Moſes* Damn'd,
And thoſe vain Fools thoſe mouldy Records fram'd:
Who to their Craizy Humours firſt did tye
[Free Will] the Birth-right of Mortallity.
Shall your dull Morals, fooliſh Whims, confine
The unerring Soul, that Stears by *Reaſons* Line?
Men were but Puppits, with the *Reaſon* Grac'd,
If to their Wills, limits of Power were plac'd.
No, I will follow *Natures* Influence,
Led by Her Servants, *Appetite* and *Senſe*.
Shall *Solon*, and the *Philoſophick* Crew
Of Preaching Block-heads, my dear Luſts ſubdue?
No, my dear Heart, Pleaſures ſhall be thy Pole,
Joys the kind Harbour where I Lodg my Soul.
When Inſtance prompts I'le Eat, and Drink, and Whore,
Out-run fleet *Nature*, tick upon Her Score.

And when I'm Pall'd, I'le Idly grow Devout,
Till *Time* and *Nature* bring a new Recruit;
Then, then again to Noble Pleaſures flye,
And when I'm void of ſtrength and Vigour, Dye.
Let ſneaking Souls, who trace weak *Vertues* Ways,
Live ſtill diſpis'd, in *Folly* end their Days:
Starve in purſuit of a ſtarch'd formal Name,
Be Sacrific'd to that Chimæra, *FAME!*
The *Fantom* that ſurvives weak Mankinds Beam,
Till *Time* wakes, tells the World 'tis all but Dream;
And the lov'd Airy dear Condenſed Joy,
The *Gawdy Meteor* better Lights deſtroy:
Fame is as Mortal as the Man, and muſt
With *Time* and *Envy* crumble into Duſt.
Curſe on the Morals of the Thriſty Schools,
Of thoſe Nice, Surly, Metaphifick Fools:
Who in vain Comments looſe their Myſtick Doubt,
Till nought but *Bedlam* helps the Sophys out.

So, when beyond a Poſſible they ſtretch,
Then Grave Tobacco prompts the Thinking Wretch;
To tell, oh wond'rous ſtrange! to half a Hair,
The Cubick Meaſure of a Pound of Ayr.
Believe me Sir, I ſpeak it without Mirth,
Thoſe Schools are Inquiſitions upon Earth;
To wrack and plunge their Souls into a Cramp,
The vigour of their Study ends in Damp:
And the fermenting jumbling of their Brains
Begenerates ſnch Beetles as diſdains
Carteſian's Way; But the affected *Sizer*
Swears, he has *Axioms* of his own much Wiſer.
The Female Zealot finds for all his talks,
His Glowing Beetles flie away in Mauks.
Moſt Learned, more Moroſe, and ſo we ſee
The moſt profound, the greateſt Maggotee:
Their Notions when *Enthuſiaſtick* grown,
To *Alter Tricks*, forſooth for Faith you own.

From *Delphick Tricks Religion* firſt began,
That *Sacred Whim* to ſlave the free-born Man;
Religion is the Melancholly Dream,
But Intereſt in Diſguiſe is ſtill the Theam.
A Prieſt-trap, fram'd by Idle Juggling Knaves,
To awe the World, and make Mankind their Slaves.
They on *Religion* lay the Dark Pretence,
And Boy's the Depths of *Reaſon*, *Wit*, and *Senſe*;
Whilſt *Ignorance* ſhears off the Dangerous Grounds,
And take the Word of Men of Gown for Sounds.
Nor dare they Anchor, leaſt the Prieſt ſhould Swear
Becauſe he Boys, that Sholds and Sands are there.
So they Menopolize the Inchanted Place,
And greateſt Fools are of moſt *Heavenly Race*.
Ethereal Saints, the Mould to their own ſhape,
As they are Generous to the Men of *Crape*;
And pities the frivolous pretence,
But Gold in Maſquerado's the *Learned Senſe*.

How Zealouſly the tough-Lung'd Things will Pray,
And God Adore, ſo long as God will Pay!
God, did I Name? bright *Reaſon* Pardon me,
Thou art my God! Thou art my Divinity!
Thee I Adore, and Humbly beg Thy Hand
To guide me th'rough the Worlds *Miſterious Strand*;
Till I arrive to the wide Gulph of *Fate*,
Then leave me ſtrugling in the Grand Debate
To ſhuffle to my Elements again,
Without the *Senſe* to feel a Dying Pain.
But if by Fortune or ſeverer Chance
Thou wilt continue Partner in the Dance,
When I in Deaths Convulſion ſhall appear,
My wandring God-head play about the Air;
Levalting there the Earths ſmall Globe ſurvey,
See Roving Man Craul o're the Earth and Sea:
'Twill make thee ſmile to view the Tricks of *Fate*,
Fond buſie Man's the Mark of all Her Hate.

By what ſtrange Method, Wild, Miſterious Ways,
With Mortal *Tennis-Balls* the Wanton Plays;
And Bandies the *Machine* about the World,
At laſt to His Original He's hurl'd:
Earth huddles up the Proud Fantaſtick God;
There lies the buſie Circulating Clod.
Stay, Wretched Son! th' Invectives you've Writ
Are but the Dark falſe Sentiments of *Wit*;
You're too ſevere, *Religion* and the *Law*
Are the beſt Bleſſings God did ere beſtow;
For how, alas! at firſt was Man-kind tam'd,
Before *Religion* and the *Law* was fram'd?
When with the Brutes the Noble *Savage* ran,
Strength won the Prey, and Woolf compos'd the Man.
Pride, Luſt, and Power, Inſulted o're the weak,
And *Nature*'s Curſt for Conſtitution ſake.
The Barbarous Revel'd Lord o're all the Wood,
And their keen Paſſions glut in Humane Blood.

The Impotent to *Natures* Bulwarks Ran,
Caves, Hollow-Trees, protect the helpleſs Man:
Confuſion Reign'd, and Man did Man devour,
So Wild a Tyrant is Man-kind with Power.
Till the All-wiſe, Immenſe, Supream, and Juſt,
A Sacred Eye of Love and Pity caſt;
He ſaw his darlings Man's uneaſie State
Imperfect, till thoſe Laws he did Create.
From all his Attributes he pickt out Ten,
Compos'd thoſe Laws, the Guide of erring Men:
Thoſe Sacred Laws weak *Natures* tender Nurſe,
Which well obey'd, retrieve the fatal Curſe.
But ſure all this you have in paſſion Writ,
Bankrupt in *Faith*, yet you abound in *Wit*;
A groſs miſtake? You your dear Vertue loſe,
In Charms of erring Humour you repoſe.
But pray my Son, your dangerous Folly ſee,
Ere you be Drown'd in Infidelity,
And Unbelief of Imortallity.

For

For all my Thoughts I looſe in the debate,
If you deny, there is a future State
That once allow'd; moſt evident and clear
The Truth of all, I ſay will then appear.
To move your Thoughts, I could ſtrange Horrours tell,
And a fore-ſhortned Proſpect give of *Hell*.
You'l laugh perhaps, at the Divining Theam,
And ſay, I ſwim in Superſtitious Stream,
To Tell for Truth, a ſad vexatious Dream.
'Twas ſo like Truth, I'le venture thus to draw
What I laſt Night in ſickly Slumbers ſaw:
Full of Concern, with dark Chimeraes toſt,
Methought I was wrackt upon *Hells* black Coaſt.
The Beach a Barren Sulphur, Cliſt with Flame,
Woods of groſs Smoak aſcending from the ſame.
The Gloomy Ayr with Birds Obſceen was fill'd,
Nought ſeen or heard, but what would Horrour yield.
The Inhabitants were *Satyrs*, *Wolves*, and *Fawns*,
The Muſick, clinks of Chains, and dying Groans.

The Devils Revel'd in the Mask of Night,
All on a Fire, and yet they wanted Light;
Lamenting Noiſes, Bellowing, Shrieks, and Howles,
Forcing of Rapes, and Buggering of Souls.
Confuſion Reign'd, mad Paſſions had no Laws,
And *Savages* ſat laughing at their Woes.
Inhumane Wits, *Hells Poets*, all Inflam'd,
Writ *Satyrs* of the Follies of the Damn'd.
In a Convulſe of Fear amaz'd I ſtood,
To ſee the Damn'd Drink Healths of Boyling Blood!
The *Antick Fiends* in *Frantick Poſtures* Prance,
In Dusky Smoak and Flames, Wild Figures Dance.
Eternal Scuffles fill the Noiſy Caves,
In Conteſt who Reign Furies, who their Slaves.
One of the *Dark Divan* with Rage, did tell
His Intereſt did ſupport the State of *Hell*;
His mighty Paſſion with juſt Art to draw,
Would far tranſcend the Pen of *Angelo!*

But

But thus the Fiend in thickeſt *Sulphur* clad,
His *Wigg* of Flame and Curling Smoak was made;
In Rage, he Vaunts what mighty Feats he had done
T'advance the *Auguſtneſs* of *Belzebub*'s Throne!
Firſt unto *Pluto* gave Reſpect, then ſaid,
Hear, O ye Fiends! the Glorious Acts I Play'd,
Twas I, who True Religion *Countermin'd*,
And with my Artful Notions firſt did Blind
All Humane Race, and made Man kind to bow
To that falſe Logick, *which th'rough Miſts they view*;
In Schools, I introduc'd nice ſubtil Doubts,
And fill'd the World with Malice and Diſputes;
Corrupted Faith, *Ruin'd* Divinity,
Debauch'd the World with Hobbs's Philoſophy:
Baffled their Faith, *then* Reaſon *is a Fool,*
So Mortals hither came by Square, and Rule;
Thus by Philoloſophy's *the World betray'd,*
And Wits *and* Atheiſts *fill the Infernal Shade.*

Here

Here all Hells *Queriſters Applauſes Rung,*

Snakes Hiſt, Fiends Laugh, and all the Devils Sung;

A Stream of Flame ſtrait Compaſt them around,

And in that Sea of Sulphur all were Drown'd.

This Viſion told, Sage Reverend *Knowledg* ſigh'd,
Let this Sick Viſion, Son, be well apply'd,
Then Preſt, and Bleſt, and Kiſt his Son, and Dy'd.

ALMERIA *a Nymph, who was got with-Child on St.* Luke's *Night by a Shepheard, who refuſed to Marry Her; She Writes this complaining Epiſtle, wherein She Charges Him with breach of Promiſe,* &c.

MOſt perjur'd Swain, who with falſe Arts betray'd
To Eternal Ruine, a Believing Maid!
I Write, to eaſe my poor Afflicted Heart,
To Thy Regardleſs Self my Griefs t'impart.

Drown'd in my Tears, I mourn my Grand Offence,
In vain to raiſe my Murder'd Innocence.
In heavy Groans my tedious Life I ſpend,
And beg it with my Chaſtity may end.
But the Remorſeleſs Gods my Griefs Reject,
Then I again upon my Crimes Reflect;
Diſconſolately Curſe that wretched Hour
My Poyſon'd Faith cry'd, *I aſſent Deflowre!*
How ſwiftly tempting to my Arms you flew,
And ſaid, *Then let the God of Love ſubdue!*
Vollies of Oaths you with your Vigour ſpilt,
In Pleaſure Drown'd, I loſt the Thoughts of Guilt.
You fleering ſwore by all the Powers Divine,
Next Week the Ceremony makes me Thine;
That gave new Guſt, and I grew Active too,
Thoſe Treacherous Words did my frail Heart ſubdue.

Then languiſhing in ſilent Fear I lay'd,
And thus to my Relenting Self I ſaid,
I am Deluded! Ah, I am Betray'd!

Then you Repeat your Oaths, your *Faith* Renew'd,
I thought all Oracles you ſaid or vow'd:
With melting Kiſſes you the Contract Seal'd,
And then you did what's not to be Reveal'd;
So Artfully you did your Joys diſpenſe,
My Jealous Heart did Calculate from thence.
I'm not the firſt he's Ruin'd and Enthral'd,
How ſwift! How eager! yet how quickly pall'd!
One Night, with ſorrow I Remember well,
Upon the Walks we to embraces fell;
The Birds Obſcene, Clapt Wings, and Laugh'd to ſee
How we out-did them in our *Lechery*;
The twinkling Stars, thoſe Eyes of *Heaven* deny'd
To ſee our Crimes, beyond the Clouds they ſlide.

But Prodigies themſelves at laſt appear,
Portentous Judgments for our Crimes declare,
You Kiſt, and ſaid, [See Dear] the *Blazing-Star.*
Curſt be that Time! but above all, that Night,
Where Darkneſs was Diſpell'd by Torches Light!
When the *Plate Fleet*, the Glory of our Town,
With a fair Busking Wind came ſafely Home;
That *Solemn Night!* Joy to the Wives and Boys,
When *Liquoriſh Prieſts* their Hungry Stomachs Cloys
With Wine and Banquet, which they largely Eat,
And Cheaply pay, with Joy and Thanks for Treat.
That noted Night, the greedy Enſigns Field,
Battels and Banquets are their Spear and Shield.
So greedy Rooks upon the Carrion Prey,
Fill'd, they diſpis'd the Beaſt, and fly away;
But firſt Devoutly, Loyal Healths go round,
How ſweet's the Treat, that with free coſt is Crown'd!

Then to the Man of Gown much Thanks and Joy,
Kiſs Mrs. *Majoreſs*, and that's twice good-buy.
Well may I Circumſtance that Curſed Time;
From St. *Luke*'s Night, I Date my fatal Crime.
That noiſy Night! I Bluſh to ſpeak the reſt,
I let you do what now I moſt Deteſt,
Me of my dear Virginity Diveſt.

The Plate-Fleet *is meant the* Down-Plat *which I carryed Home with a great deal of Formality and Show on St.* Luke's *Night. That Day moſt of the Town are Treated with Banquet.*

DId you not ſay, *Come, come my Dear let's go,*
Pox-take this formal trifling Gawdy Show?
Then the *Plate Squadrons* Anker'd in the Bay,
And in the Crow'd of Fools we ſlunk away;
To th' Garden we retir'd, Sick of the Sight,
And Curſt our Selves, th'ill ſpending of the Night;
Ah, Tragick Tale! 'twas in that groſs thick Shade
I gave and took what all my Crimes betray'd.

Ah, fatal Scene! Grots, Chambers, Darkeſt Cells,
Falſe as Thy Self, my Crimes to *Heaven* Reveals.
I Bluſh, to tell the Vital Hour was come,
When *Active Nature* Stole into my Womb.
There nimbly She the parts of Matter Chain'd,
Strange Myſtick Art, a Living Thing She fram'd!
Of what in Sport you careleſly inſtill'd,
With that looſe Matter, She Creates a Child!
I felt Her twiſt the Nerves, the Sinews weave,
And Plotted Her Intentions to deceive.
I boldly tug'd, to Ruine Her Deſign,
But all in vain, She ſtill did Countermine.
All-powerful *Nature* would not be beguil'd,
But ſpight of all my Art She forms the Child.
My heaves, and qualms, and throws, I ſtill conceal'd,
Till the fond Babe it Self my Crimes reveal'd:
As Conſcious of the Fault the Infant came
And wept, and ſigh'd, and bluſh'd for very ſhame.

Thoſe Garden Vows I never ſhall forget,
There all your Promiſes you did Repeat.
Fear not, my Dear, with Oaths you Accented,
Thou ſhalt ere long lie in Thy Nuptial Bed;
Our Bridal Rites I will not long delay,
And thus you tempted, thus you did delay.
The ſilent Vegetives this Truth Atteſt,
They heard you Swear *your Faith* upon my Breaſt.
If you deny, the very Herbs and Trees
Shall Tranſmigrate, and tell your Perjuries.
I Tickt on *Hope*, till to Extreams I run,
And forc'd that Faith by which I was undone.
Ingrateful, Barbarous, Falſe, Deceitful, you
Firſt ſtorm'd, then took my Vertue with a Vow.
Baſe as you are; you now Inſulting Cry,
She well deſerves Her Shame and Miſery.
She was the Tempter, She deluded me,
Her eaſie Nature *wrought Her Infamy.*

Why did She yield?

Ah, Faithleſs Monſter! Ah, Inhumane Swain!
So do the Damn'd Tormenting Devils Reign.
Upbraid thoſe which their Grand Temptations catch,
This adds to the Afflictions of the Wretch.
Can you do thus? and think a future State
Will yield a ſatisfying eaſie Fate?
That the Juſt Gods, Regardleſs of my moans,
Shall you Protect, and laugh at all my Groans?
If you think ſo, you ſhall your Error ſee,
You Cheat your ſelf worſe than you Cheated me.
Their ſleeping Thunder ſhall at laſt awake,
And *Juſtice* your falſe Heart ſhall over-take;
Then with Repenting Eyes you'l look on me,
Lament you caus'd my Infelicity.
Such heavy Accents, and bewailing Sighs
Harſh Ayres, with languiſhing Afflicting Cries

Shall pierce that Treacherous, Perjur'd Heart of thine,
Then with what Zeal thoul't beg the Powers Divine;
Strook with Remorſe, and of thy Crimes the *Senſe*,
Retrieve the Time, ye Gods, I'le Recompence.
Thus, when too late, you'l Argue for your Crime,
Diſpence your Retributions whilſt you've Time.
Sill what adds Horrour to your Grand Offence?
You ſtart at my Fortunal Impotence.
The honeſt, and the unconcern'd obſerve,
My Wealth is greater then you could deſerve.
But now, ah wretched me! my Tears o're-flow,
The more I Write, my ſorrows greater ſhow.
My Griefs I ſtrangle in my heaving Breaſt,
And panting ſighs in ſilence ſpeak the reſt.
Whilſt in my State of Innocence I mov'd,
Who more eſteem'd? what Nymph was more belov'd?
But what my Blood and Paſſions moſt enflame
Is, when I think I have ſurviv'd my Fame.

To me the Luſty Sailors ſu'd in vain,
And brought me Preſents o're the ſpaciousMain,
I gave thee Love, to them my cold diſdain.
Diſpis'd their Offerings, Inſolently Proud,
Laught at the true and real Flames they Vow'd.
Curſe on the Inchantments of thy Magick Tongue,
With what ſtrange Charms it thy feign'd Paſſions Sung!
But now, ah me! my ſad neglected State
Mads me, to think my Self have brought this Fate.
I'me now abhor'd by all the Good and Juſt,
Who will a Nymph of my looſe Morals truſt?
Deſpis'd, Condemn'd, and Careleſly thrown by,
Diſtinguiſht by the loſs of Chaſtity.
To Friends their ſhame, their ſorrow, and their hate,
Where can there be a more deplored State?
And now kind Ladies of the Shades beware,
You Entertain my Faithleſs Wanderer.
But flie his Adulations if you're Wiſe,
He's ſtill the Serpent in a New Diſguiſe.

He'l Maſquerade, and Dreſs in any Shape,
But all his Craft is, to obtain a Rape:
That done, you ſtrait Commence to be his Slave,
Then with what Pride will he inſult and brave?
If your weak Vertue in his Power he ſeize,
The Laughing Swain will Bully as he pleaſe.
When he Commands, his Humorous Appetite
Muſt have its Will, your forc'd to yield Delight;
By ſad Experience all theſe Truths I tell,
He Conquer'd me, and thus to me it fell.
So farewell Faithleſs and Perfidious Swain,
To the Deaf Fates no more I will Complain;
But only beg, when I ſhall yield my Breath
To kind releaſing invocated Death,
My injur'd *Spectrum* ſhall revenge the Deed,
I'le trace thy Foot-ſteps, and beyond thee Tread.
All pale and frightned thou'lt look back on me,
My Ghoſt in its Revenging Shape ſhall be.

A dreadful Sight! which ſhall afflict the ſo,
Thy Joys and Mirth thou never more ſhalt know.
If to Embraces thou art ever bent,
I'le ſtrait appear, and make the Impotent.
Th'rough Fens and Boggs I'le lead thee till thou'rt loſt,
Then thou ſhalt talk with my Incenſed Ghoſt.
In Aweful Caves, and Gloomy Woods we'l dwell,
And there ſad Stories of my Wrongs I'le tell,
How you betray'd the deareſt Thing of Life,
And then deny'd to take me for your Wife.
I'le ſtalking Haunt thee with my vexed Shade,
Till with Deſpair and Fear thou ſhalt Die mad:
Then to *Elizium* I the way will lead,
And with a Ray of Light again, I'le Kill thy Hated Shade,

ALMERIA.

ASCENTION DAY.

BLeſs me! What Glory's yon that guilds the (Ayre?
Is't not Great Jove *in his Cæleſtial Chair?*
How ſwift th'rough the bright Miky Way he flies!
Lord, what a Glory fills the Spacious Skyes!
How dim's the Sun to his Illuſtrious Light!
Contracts his Beams, and Bluſhes at the Sight.
And well he may the Smiling Angels ſhroud,
When by Reflection they his brightneſs view'd.
Ah, Wond'rous Sight! with what a Grace he Rode
Bleſt were thoſe Eyes that ſaw the Mounting God!
On Cherubs *ſofteſt Wings, his Chair of State,*
The Beauteous Jeſus *in full Glory ſat.*
As fleet as Thought, up ſoard the God of Light,
The Dead ariſe to Triumph at the Sight!
From ſilent dusky Tombs they force their Way,
To follow him to their Eternal Day;

The

The Joyful Angels Crowd, to have a ſhare
Of the Dear Burthen, th'rough the yielding Ayre.
Happy they, on whoſe Downy Wings he flew,
With what a Pride th y his bright Chariot drew!
Now, Sacred Jeſus! *the* Eternal Jove!
In his full Port of Glory ſits above;
Where Streams of Hallow'd Light adorn that Head,
Which once the Bluſhing Thorns Inviron'd.
And Joys, that Crack the Nerves of Wit *and* Senſe,
That far tranſcend Man's weak Intelligence.
When his Eternal God-head he put on,
The Everliving's Coronation;
The Saints, all Heaven *in a Convulſion lie,*
Blind with the Flames of Hallow'd Purity.
The Hallelujahs *ceaſe, All mute become,*
Extatick Joys ſtruck Saints and Angels dumb;
Till the All-wiſe Immence Creator ſaid,
Again, my Son, I Crown thy Hallow'd Head.

Wel-

Welcome my Darling to thy Father's Breaſt,
At my Right-hand, my *Sacred Jeſus* Reſt;
And when my *Spirit*'s griev'd my *Love*, my *Lamb*,
Thy Interceſſion ſhall appeaſe its Flame.
In my full Glory, I the Eternal ſit,
And now my boundleſs God-head is compleat.
Thus ſaid, the Holy, the Imortal One,
Whilſt fleets of Angels flutter o're the Throne:
The Virgin Cherubs, Innocent and Gay,
Crown'd with ſweet ſmiles the Triumphs of the Day;
Adorning, Clapping Hands and Wings to ſee
Jeſus *the God, in full Divinity.*
The Hoſt of Heaven *in Conſort Sing his Praiſe,*
All were employ'd in Hallelujahs;
To God, the Sp'rit, and Holy Lamb, they Sung,
The whole vaſt Quire with Sacred Anthems *Rung.*

An ELEGY, *on the Worſhipful* George Crowle, *twice Mayor of* HULL, *who Dyed* July *the Twelfth*, 1682.

DEATH's heavy Pandects all Man-kind Obeys,
To the wide Gulph there is Ten Thouſand Ways;
The Honeſt, Wicked, Humble, and the Juſt,
Find ſtill a fixed Center in the Duſt.
Kings nor Plebeans Age, nor Youth are ſpar'd,
The bitter Doſe of Fate is equal ſhar'd.
Through the wide *Rubicon* we all are Driven
To the vaſt diſtant Ports of *Hell* or *Heaven*.
On Wings of *Time* the ſhiv'ring Mortal flies,
Falls at the Shot of Linxey'd Deſtinies.
How vain it is to Grapple then with Fate,
Or with the Eternal Baffler to Debate.
Then Hail bright Providence! all Thanks we give,
Thou didſt vouchſafe him here ſo long to Live;
Till *Natures* Lees by Craizy Age let out,
Thou kindly then the Thread of Fate didſt cut.

His

His willing weary Soul, how ſwift it fled!
It got to *Heaven*, e're he was coldly Dead.
Here Active Vigorouſly his Life he ſpent,
Friends were his Joys, and Fields were his Content.
With Infant Light, or ſooner, oft he Roſe,
And *SOL* himſelf Bluſh'd at his long Repoſe;
Would trace his Footſteps with his guilding Rayes,
And in the *Temple* there he found he was.
Then to his Books Induſtriouſly he went,
And in this Vertuous Courſe his Life he ſpent.
Sincere and Faithful, Temperate and Juſt,
Free from Exceſs, which *Nature* prompts to Luſt.
Generous, not vainly laviſh, or profuſe,
But of his Wealth he made the wiſeſt uſe.
Much in his Life-time to the poor he gave,
Which God Rewards, the greateſt loſs they have.
Mourn then ye Poor! your tender Father's Dead,
And Charity from this cold Town is fled.

Yet he Imortal made the *Sacred Tye*,
And Built an Hoſpital for Charity.
Mourn ſilent Vegetives, Fields of Receſs!
You he each morn did with his preſence Bleſs.
Alas! theſe ſenſeleſs Things already Mourn,
And Verdant Fields ſad *Autumn*'s Robes put on.
Mourn *Sacred Temple!* Thy dear Son is fled,
[Why ſo?] She had him both alive and dead.
She had his Soul, his Heart, his Gifts, his Love,
But now they're with the *Myſtick Church* above.
Mourn all this place! he's now, alaſs, in Duſt,
Who was ſo Pious, Humble, Good, and Juſt.
This *Epitaph* upon his Tomb be Writ,
'Tis True, tho' 't want the Ornament of *Wit*.

EPITAPH.

EPITAPH.

AT Rest, here Lies the Charitable Dust
Of the Loyal and the Just;
He well deserv'd this Character to have,
How sweet he smells, tho' in the Grave!
Hudled in Earth, who all Man-kind did Love,
His Body here, his Soul above.

PRO-

PROLOGUE

To London *Cuckolds.*

Acted at HULL, *November* 1683.

THE *London* Cuckolds we muſt Act to (Day,
Are there no *Northern Cuckolds* at the (Play?

Nay, don't you bluſh, I ſwear I did but Jeſt,
I Honour *Cuckolds*, they're a Comly Beaſt.
On Towry Fronts Ragged Horns well plac'd,
How lovely is an Animal ſo Grac'd!
The pretty Creature ſweetly Trips away,
How grave and awfully it looks at Bay!
Is there no *Satyriſts* here? I fain would know
If Cuckoldome be *Monarchy* or no?
'Tis Antient, Populous, that all *Records* ſays,
I think 'twas founded in *King Taffie*'s Days.

Let

Let no *Defaming Criticks* hither come,
To ill the Reverend State of *Cuckoldome*;
He who ſhall do't, is an ill-Natur'd *Cull*,
Cuckolds Claim **Magna Charta** too in *Hull*.
Nor will we them of their Protection Rob,
So they in Peace allow the *Churchlane Bob*.

SONG.

I M'e Giddy, I'me Giddy, the Earth it turns round,
Copernicus *told us no Lye;*
'Tis motion that keeps the whole Globe in its Frame,
If Nature *grows Idle She'l Dye.*

Go ask the Phyſitians the Reaſon of Life,
They'l tell you 'tis motion of Blood;
If motion once ceaſe, the Man he ſtrait Dies,
And grows an Inanimate Clod.

The Bottle's the Globe on which we all Sail,
Its Longitude ne're could be found;
Then fill up the Glaſs, for I ſwear he's an Aſs,
Who ſtands at a Gaize while the Globe turns round.

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